

true womanliness of the Queen's heart is shown in her letter to Baron Stockmar, announcing her engagement: "Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning . . . I feel certain he will make me very happy; I wish I could say I felt as certain of my making him happy, but I shall do my best." This is not the language of a queen, but of a loving woman.

The Queen announced her intended marriage on the opening of Parliament on the 16th of January, 1840. The Queen says that her hands shook while she read this declaration, and that she was happy and thankful when it was over. Doubtless it was nervous work for a girl of twenty thus publicly to announce her choice.

#### MARRIED LIFE.

The Queen found in Prince Albert, young as he was, an inestimable guide and counsellor in the trying position in which she was placed.

In November 1840, the Princess Royal was born, and in November of the following year the hearts of father, mother, and nation were gladdened by the birth of an heir to the throne.

Since the Queen's marriage, Prince Albert had been indefatigably employing himself in various ways, the usefulness of which was barely recognized during his life by the country at large, but could not fail to be appreciated by those who were in close association with him.

In 1858 the Duchess of Kent died, and the Queen's sorrow for her mother was deep and sincere.

In October of the same year the Prince Consort suddenly lost energy and spirits. Not long before his fatal illness, in speaking to the Queen, he said, "I do not cling to life; you do, but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I love were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow."

The Princess Alice was his devoted nurse. The Queen was seldom absent from the sick-room. Of her loneliness and overwhelming grief when the end came it is needless to speak. Half her life was gone. Rarely has such an intensely mutual existence been lived by two persons. In their public capacity, as in their private, they were as one.

The Queen's sons by no means eat the bread of idleness. The Prince of Wales works hard at the profession of royalty, and his brothers perform their no less onerous duties with assiduity.

The Queen's daughters are all more or less gifted with artistic tastes. The Crown Princess of Germany is a clever artist, and has also cultivated to proficiency a taste for sculpture. The artistic proclivities of the Princess Louise are well-known both in England and in Canada, where her husband for some years held the post of Governor-General.

At the death of the Princess Alice of Hesse, of diphtheria caught from her own child, whom she nursed with

devoted care, the heart of the nation turned to the Queen in her sorrow. Her Majesty can scarcely realize how in every home her grief became a household sorrow in these great troubled moments of her life, and how men and women went about with an ache at heart for the sorrow of the Queen. At such times the nation feels as one family with a strength of sentiment that often by its intensity excites a sensation of wonder even in those who experience it.

## NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

### CHAPTER III.

WHAT IS SENT, COMES.

"MAMMY!" shouted Jack one clear, bright morning in the latter part of January. "O! Uncle John's goin' to take me and Will and learn us how to skate. Ain't I just tickled?"

But Manice smiled and said, gently, "That is good, Jacky, now you can use your Christmas skates. Be a little careful at first, dear; you don't like headaches, and a good knock on the ice will be pretty sure to give you one."

"How can you let him go, Manice?" asked Aunt Maria. "It's a clear tempting of Providence, to my mind, to let a child get into such danger."

"I don't think there is much danger, Aunt Maria. I want Jack to have the exercise and pleasure. Both will do him good, and he must learn caution by needing it. There is no better way."

"But, Manice, I shouldn't think you'd have a minute's peace while he's gone. I shouldn't if he was my child. Just think of those awful air-holes," groaned Aunt Sally.

"I'd rather think of the firm ice, aunty, and I can leave Jack to God's care in one place just as well as another."

"You wouldn't like it any better if he was brought home to you dripping and dead," sternly put in Aunt Maria.

Manice's eyes darkened with feeling. "Sufficient unto my day is the evil thereof," Aunt Maria. I am only Jack's mother, yet I have got to take his father's place as well, and I observe that the best fathers I see or know try to make their sons manly and strong. I mean to try to do that with Jack."

Her boy who had listened with flushed face and swelling heart, pulled her face down to his lips and whispered in her ear,

"Mammy, I won't go if it's goin' to plague you."

"I want you to go, dear," she whispered back.

"Whispering ain't polite," said Aunt Maria, but Mrs. Manice did not seem to hear it.

"Come," she said, smiling at Jack. "Your mittens are just done, and I'll sew on your ear-pieces you pulled off

your cap yesterday while you're getting on your coat and boots."

And off they went, Jack jumping and laughing at her side, and she laughing with him, though the fears her aunt had tried to awaken in her heart would now and then stir and lift their heads. Manice Boyd had found out long before that it needed courage as well as wisdom to train a boy. The question was, should he be sent out with no self-reliance, no strength of character, or should she train him up into the use of the whole armor of God, to go up and conquer temptation! There was but one answer to this, and in order to teach her boy to meet life she let him go from her many and many a time with a sore heart, and watched for his return with the agonized longing that only an anxious mother knows. She tried and learned to trust her boy in God's hands—the only Father he had to care for him.

As time went on and Jack became ten years old, Mr. Boyd decided that he and his own son Will should go to a large private school in Hexham as soon as it opened in the autumn, and in the meantime he desired that they should both learn to ride. Here was another terror to Manice, and the aunts were loud in their disapproval. But Mr. Boyd had his way, with Manice's full consent. She knew it was a good thing for her boy to learn how to guide and master a horse. Moreover, she knew the time might come when this knowledge might be of use to Jack, and perhaps of the greatest use.

"How can you trifle with that boy's life so, Manice?" indignantly asked Aunt Maria.

"I don't think I do, aunty," was the calm answer; "it seems best for Jack to learn, and it is a good time now. John will be careful, and I can't always keep my boy out of danger. I must trust him in God's hands, here as everywhere."

"Well!" put in Aunt Sally. "I should think you'd be just about distracted, every minute of the time."

Manice smiled, but her lip quivered, and she turned away, unwilling to say more. Jack, however, survived skating and riding lessons, but fell into greater danger in his home, and through the agency of Aunt Sally.

Miss Sarah Packard was a charitable woman in her own way. Yet out of one of these very charities came an evil that overshadowed the whole family. A poor child, the only child of a widow to whom Aunt Sally had been specially good, was taken with scarlet fever, and Miss Packard sat by her bedside an hour before the doctor came, not aware of the nature of the disease. But when the little girl began to get better and the nurse left, Miss Sally, quite ignorant that the contagion of this fever lasts a long time, went every day to see Jenny, and carried home with her the fatal seeds which sowed themselves in Jack's constitution.

When Manice's physician pronounced the boy to be ill with scarlet fever, poor Miss Sally exclaimed, "O I can't have fetched it, can I?" but the boy had been exposed in no other way. It really was her own fault.

"There!" said Miss Maria, "You've fussed and scolded about his skating and riding, and now you've done worse by him than if he'd broken into the pond, or been thrown. He's just the kind of boy to die of it, too. I shouldn't wonder a mite if he died right away, just out of your carelessness."

Poor Miss Sally burst into tears. Though she did nag Jack perpetually, she had learned to love his bright face and hearty voice, his boyish fun and nonsense, and it cut her to the heart to think she had harmed him. Manice came in and found her crying.

"Nothing's the matter with her," snapped Aunt Maria, "only I happened to say she'd done a good deal worse for Jack than ever skating or riding did, for all she was for ever scolding about them!"

"Dear Aunt Sally," said Manice, tenderly, "don't feel so, you had no idea that you could harm Jack when you were so good to poor little Jenny. I am so glad my boy has this at home, not after he had gone to school. Now I can take care of him myself, and I shall not have this to dread."

"Maybe he won't ever go to school," grimly remarked Aunt Maria, who had the happy faculty some people possess of saying the very thing that cuts the hearer to the quick.

Manice winced, but had the courage to reply, quietly,

"Perhaps he won't, that is in God's hands only. I can nurse him as well as I know how, and I have confidence in Doctor Nelson. But I know we cannot either of us save him if it is God's will that he should die."

A smothered sob half-choked the last word, and Aunt Sally's tears flowed again.

"You see, dear aunty, we couldn't keep him from danger," Manice went on; "even here it came to him, and I trust he will come out of it all right. But I have sent the girls to John's, as his children have had it; and since Annie and Alice were both away while you were with Jenny Smith, and went directly from Mrs. Bruce's to John's house, I feel quite safe about them."

After all, Jack was not dangerously ill. His constitution had been strengthened by good, plain food, abundant out-door exercise, and early, regular hours; and the fever did not take violent hold upon him. But Doctor Nelson warned Manice that these light cases demanded the strictest care and the longest seclusion, for their after effects were so often fatal. So when Jack felt quite well enough to be playing marbles in the yard, or flying kite in the fields, he had to be shut up in his mother's room and be restricted in his diet.

"It's just mean, mammy!" he exclaimed. "I feel well enough to go